

There seems to be a singular condition of things in Cincinnati in regard to the tax on saloons and breweries. It is a striking fact that one dry goods firm in that city pays as much personal tax as the two thousand saloon keepers and all the brewers in Cincinnati together. It is about time that a little reform was thrown into the government of that city.

It is said the Milwaukee Sentinel was sold to the stockholders of the Republican for \$75,000—\$60,000 going to Mr. N. S. Murphy and \$15,000 to Samuel McCord. It is thought that the Republican buying the Sentinel, which will be a consolidation of both papers, will bring out the Republican under the name of the Republican-Sentinel. But in regard to this matter nothing definitely is known.

The will of ex-Governor Washburn was filed in the Probate Court of La Crosse county on the day of the funeral. It will not be published before the first Monday of June next. Those who know most regarding the contents of the will say that it contains one bequest of \$50,000, to establish a public library in La Crosse. He also gives \$375,000 for a memorial orphan and half-orphan asylum at Minneapolis, to be called the "Washburn Asylum." His estate will reach in value, \$2,500,000.

With all the culture and refinement of which Boston boasts, there is an alarming prevalence of pauperism and crime in that city. These are increasing, it is said, in a ratio not warranted by the growth in population. A report has been made showing that the average number of commitments to the House of Industry for the fourteen years from 1857 to 1871, was 1,954, and from 1871 to 1881, the average was 6,747, but for the year ending April 30, 1882, the number of commitments for drunkenness and crime was 9,363, being nearly two thousand more than in any previous year. What is surprising is, that of the 9,363 commitments, 8,122 were for drunkenness, and of that number 2,493 were women. Chicago with all its dens of infamy low brothels, beer halls and gilded saloons, can't show a worse record than Boston. Confronted by this state of things, the people of Boston are now casting about for a remedy, and they have concluded that the best way to largely decrease pauperism and crime is to lessen drunkenness.

A few days ago, the Jefferson Banner printed the following editorial note:

The article in our last issue concerning lightning rod sharps, probably saved an Oakland farmer \$150, and yet he will borrow the Banner of his neighbor rather than to subscribe for it.

And in answer to this, Mr. W. D. Hoard, editor of the Jefferson County Union, said:

If you really think, Brother Carr, that the Banner or any other paper can stop people from signing notes, orders, or anything else when strangers present them, you are slightly mistaken. The Union has published warning after warning, and yet these sharper reap a good harvest year after year among its readers. No, Barnum was right. The people are crazy to be humbugged, and we can't stop it.

The Union is right, there is nothing that takes so well as a first class humbug. There seems to be a fascination about lightning rod men and patent right sellers which is irresistible to the ordinary man and woman. By a process well conceived and thoroughly tested, these men go through the country year after year and reap a bountiful harvest. Men who have been sold once soon forget the misfortune and sign more notes, and in this way humbugs live and prosper and put on airs. The injustice, and in fact fraud, was practiced so extensively among farmers that the matter gained the attention of all the State courts in the West, and ven Congress was called upon to prevent, in measure, people from getting humbugged. Country pronounced opinions and Congress enacted a law, but still people went on signing notes and orders for rods or some patent machine, and the cheats keep on prospering in spite of courts and Congress.

Prohibition in Kansas is one of the questions on which there are widely different opinions. There is hardly any one who will assert that the prohibitory law is a success, as a whole, and there are many who stand ready to pronounce it the greatest failure of the age. This much can be said of prohibition in Kansas—that it does not prevent the selling of liquor, neither does it suppress saloon keeping, whether it does lessen drunkenness is another question. But the law is virtually a dead letter all the same, because men openly and defiantly violate it. There is not a city in Kansas that is without its saloons. In Lawrence, there are 140 of them, and in Topeka, the capital of the State, saloons are run openly. The anti-prohibitionists are using these facts to effect the question in Iowa, and there are fears that the failure of the law in Kansas will contribute to the defeat of the Iowa amendment. It is hard to tell where to place the blame for the constant and open violation of the law in Kansas. Of course the town and city authorities are the ones to see that the law is enforced in their respective towns and cities, but the authorities claim that they have not the moral support of the people and therefore cannot do anything. Even right under the nose of Governor St. John, saloons are open in Topeka, and he must be satisfied, unless he is blind to facts and reason, that prohibition does not prohibit. Kansas should set a better example than this.

The leading politicians in Kansas appear to be in favor of a stringent temperance law, like General Tom Young, of Ohio, but do not want it enforced.

## TELEGRAPHIC NEWS.

**The Will of the Late Governor Washburn in the Probate Court.**

**Some of the Leading Requests Made by the Deceased.**

**The Jennie Cramer Trial Drawing to a Close at New Haven.**

**Marshal Smith, the Murderer of Young Yost, Still at Large.**

**The Racine Silver Plate Company Will Locate in Rockford.**

**The Suicide of John H. Wyman, a Prominent Citizen of Dodge County.**

**Other Interesting State and Miscellaneous News Items.**

## WASHBURN'S WILL.

LA CROSSE, May 19.—Ex-Governor Israel Washburn, and ex-Minister Elihu B. Washburn left LaCrosse this evening on an Eastern train.

The will of the lamented Governor Cadwallader C. Washburn was opened in the LaCrosse county probate court to-day by Judge Hugh Cameron and the three executors, Charles J. Martin, of Minneapolis; G. VanSteenwyk, of LaCrosse, and Charles Payson, of Washington. Publicity of its entire contents has not occurred. Some of its features however have become known. Besides numerous liberal bequests to relatives and friends, including \$100,000 to ex-Senator Nevins, of La Crosse, and \$40,000 to Andrew G. Nevins, of North La Crosse; \$50,000 has been given for the establishment and maintenance of a free library in La Crosse, and the munificent bequest of \$375,000 for a hospital in Minneapolis. The estate is presently estimated at about \$2,000,000, but as the Minneapolis and St. Anthony water power alone yield a revenue equal to about 5 per cent per annum on \$2,000,000 it is probable that the flouring and lumbering mills and large tracts of valuable pine lands will bring the estate up to \$4,000,000 or \$5,000,000 before it is wound up, as its revenues are steadily increasing. The great heart and vigorous brain of Cadwallader C. Washburn devised and executed liberal things. His benefactions in life were generous and numerous. The astronomical observatory in Madison, the library in La Crosse, and the hospital in Minneapolis aggregating about \$500,000, are trifling compensations for the loss of a public benefactor like Governor Washburn.

## Making a Mistake.

John Hays, Credit, P. O., says that for nine months he could not raise his hands to his head through lameness in the shoulder, but by the use of THOMAS' ELECTRIC OIL he was entirely cured.

Sold by A. J. Roberts and Sherer & Co.

## MAY FESTIVAL.

CINCINNATI, May 19.—The May Festival closed to-night with an extraordinary demonstration, and with the largest audience of the week. Fully 6,000 people were in the hall. Many women stood up during the entire performance. The weather was pleasant, and the managers and all concerned rejoiced over the pleasant ending of the week's performances. The first part of the programme was the original prize competition, by W. W. Gilchrist, of Philadelphia, a setting of the forty-sixth psalm, for soprano solo, chorus, orchestra, and organ. Mrs. Osgood sang the soprano part. The audience received the work with great favor, calling Mr. Gilchrist to the platform at its close, and cheering most enthusiastically. When Mme. Materna had sung, "Dear, Thou Mighty Monster," from Weber, Oberon, another remarkable demonstration followed. She was recalled three times to the stage, and the audience rose and waved their handkerchiefs. She was given a handsome basket, containing an ostrich egg mounted on a silver stand, as a souvenir of Cincinnati, from a countryman living in this city.

ZOPES, FROM BRAZIL.—Its wonderful affinity to the digestive apparatus of the human stomach, its most surprising effect upon a torpid liver, and in cleansing and toning the system, can be tested with a 10 cent sample bottle. Sold by Prentice & Evenson.

## DIRE CONFLAGRATION.

LEADVILLE, Col., May 19.—A fire broke out on the east side of Chestnut street this morning about 3:30 o'clock, and before it was got under control had destroyed the buildings on that side east of the First National Bank for nearly a block, including the Windsor hotel, Academy of Music, and Palace of Fashion, a large dry goods house. The front of the buildings on the opposite side of the street were charred. Loss about \$300,000, partly covered by insurance. The fire is supposed to be caused by incendiaries.

## RACINE'S LOSS.

ROCKFORD, Ill., May 19.—It is stated that the Racine (Wis.) Silver-Plate company, which was recently burned out in that city, will wind up its business there at once and come to this city and form a stock company of \$100,000. A meeting has been held here, and if arrangements can be made, the business will be begun at once and buildings erected. Two hundred hands will be employed.

## Hope On, Hope Ever.

No matter what the ailment may be, rheumatism, neuralgia, lameness, asthma, bronchitis—if other treatment have failed—hope on! go at once for THOMAS' ELECTRIC OIL. It will secure you immediate relief.

For sale by A. J. Roberts and Sherer & Co.

## YOST'S MURDERER.

MT. VERNON, Ill., May 20.—All efforts to arrest Smith, the city marshal, who killed Charles W. Yost in this city last evening, have been unsuccessful. Smith is known to have been northeast of town to-day in a tract of country known as the Barrens—a wild country covered with thick timber and almost free from habitation. He has changed his uniform for a suit of gray jeans and slouch hat, probably at his brother's house or father-in-law's. A reward of \$250 has been declared by the mayor, \$500 by the sheriff, and \$200 by the Governor for his arrest, making \$950.

Indigestion, costiveness, or constipation, are immediately cured with ZOPES from Brazil. It stimulates and gives activity to the liver. It increases the dissolving juices of the stomach, and causes the food to assimilate. Sold by Prentice & Evenson.

**'Golden Medical Discovery'** for all scrofulous and virulent blood-poisons, is specific. By druggists.

## THE CRAMER TRIAL.

NEW YORK, May 19.—The Times' New Haven (Conn.) special says: At the close of the session of the court to-day State's Attorney Doolittle said that his case was substantially closed. Some of the witnesses who have already testified may be called to supply a few missing links, but probably the taking of evidence for the defense will commence before Tuesday noon. The admissions of Blanche Douglas regarding what occurred at the May house Wednesday night, August 3, were ruled out this afternoon, and the case for the State was thereby greatly weakened. Mr. Doolittle said yesterday that he had only one more witness to introduce.

## The Billions.

dyspeptic or constipated, should address with two stamps and history of case for pamphlet, WORLD'S DISPENSARY MEDICAL ASSOCIATION, Buffalo, N. Y.

## SUICIDE.

JUNEAU, Wis., May 19.—John H. Wyman, aged 45, one of the most respected, honorable, and wealthiest farmers in this district, committed suicide this afternoon by shooting himself through the heart. No cause can be assigned for the rash act, as he was always thought to be free from trouble. He leaves a wife and two children.

St. LOUIS, Mo., May 19.—William T. Emmert committed suicide in bed by shooting himself in the breast with a revolver at his home in the northern part of the city this morning. No cause is assigned for the act. Emmert was an extensive charcoal dealer and owned considerable land in Madison county, Ill., opposite this city, and was in independent circumstances.

## Society Notes.

Are loud in their praise of Floreston Collogne on account of its remarkably delicate and lasting fragrance.

Annoyance Prevented. Gray hairs are honorable but their premature appearance is annoying. Parker's Hair Restorer prevents the annoyance by promptly restoring the youthful color.

## HORACE GREELY.

Extract of a Sermon Preached at Janesville, Wis., in Dec., 1872, the Next Sabbath After the Death of Horace Greeley.

The great event of the last week—the death of Horace Greeley—has spread mourning over our land. This time, not the sword, but the pen is sheathed—that pen whose power had reached from the center to the circumference of the civilized world. Under great anxiety, and sorrow "the silver cord was loosed, and the golden bowl was broken." While the sad dispensation is upon us let us review its causes for the sake of the great lesson it teaches.

In the spiritual world two great forces rule supreme, each in its own sphere—good and evil—One the love of the Lord and the other the love of self. From one or the other, or both, all the results in man's life are reached—and in the present case the analysis is so plain, that he who runs may read. Before the great tribunal of the inner life, good is always the plaintiff and evil the defendant, and as the case is decided the man goes. There is no appeal from this. It is the law of God.

O, the "Barbarism of slavery!" When shall we see the last of it? How many die by its bribe for power; a million lives have been immolated to it, but the end is not yet! Insatiable monster!

Webster, that intellectual giant of this country, who stood up among his fellows as so many pygmies, with name and fame enough to surfeit any ordinary mortal—in an evil hour listened to the song of this siren—and, poisoned by it, went home to die on the bleak rocks of Plymouth, leaving his body to sleep in the cradle of liberty by the eternal dirge of the sea, as his spirit winged its flight to the God who gave it.

And we recall another, whose fame and travels have gone around the globe. All races of men strewed his path with flowers, and all potentates crowned him with honors—I mean him of the "Irrepressible Conflict"—Seward. He too tasted of this poison, but so little that he survived, and the same power that administered, that potentation, disappointed, in another

form assaulted directly with intent to kill, but the good providence that saved in the former, saved also in the latter case.

And there was another who stood above all reproach, born in the woods and reared on the prairie—Lincoln. The siren piped her song to him in vain. The elegancies of civilization had not polished away his instincts. He turned over the leaves of nature to study the justice of God. He read the Bible to pray. Gold had no glitter for him, power no enchantment, and when in disguise he reached the White House, he came there to rule a nation, in the presence of his God. He would not be polluted by the unholy thing, so the ball of the assassin did its work; and he died—a thousand times, more beautiful in death than in life. His spirit went "marching, marching on!"

And there is another, an academician, learned in all ancient lore, to whom words are playthings, all poetry and art mere pastime, the grand measure of whose periods reverberate almost with monotony, but who lives terrible and surely in his isolation—I mean Sumner—even he was flanked by the very demon he has vehemently fought his life through. One poisoned, chance touched his lips! It was more terrible than the caning by Brooks. He returned to the state whose creature he is. He was one among his people, no longer one of them. His friends turned their backs. The poison was working, and he fled to Europe to save his life.

But the last phase of this rail-call, which it was once said would sound on Bunker Hill, was more subtle than all the rest. It culminates because no imagination nor ingenuity can devise a worse. Behold a man the most prominent Journalist of our country, rising solely by his own merit, having labored successfully on his Tribune for over thirty years, whose tender heart shrank from war and suffering, whose every effort was intended for freedom and progress, whose industry was a proverb, and whose natural kindness has excelled, even to the ridicule of the world. This man, with all the blessings of this life around him, was approached simply because he was honest, good and simple-minded, and ever ready to sacrifice himself. He had bailed the Arch-traitor; he had extended his hand "across the bloody chasm;" he felt even a morbid pity for those whom the debris of slavery was cursing. In the midst of all these feelings he thought he might be an instrument of Providence in uniting our people. His zeal made him forget he was a theorist, not an executor; an agitator, never a commander. The poison I have been describing was offered him. The potentation was sweet. He drank, and delirium followed. In his lucid moments he realized the step he had taken. His real friends saw if his nomination was consummated in an election the "irrepressible conflict" of his situation must crush him. But they who nominated him cared little for his life, compared with the rule of southern ideas. His beloved wife scented their deadliness from afar, and, before the coming blast, passed away. All over the land brooks became rivers and breezes tempests; and when the sky cleared and the results of the election known, poor Greeley was like a storm-tossed ship stranded on the beach. The whole thing turned out such a deception and fraud on his life, his reason went down and manly followed. The "irrepressible conflict" of his situation came to its close. But the weighty side of this lesson is to come. Life always has its spiritual as well as its natural side, and it is of the spiritual that we now speak.

All great steps of progress are so many judgments from heaven. The wicked go down by material force, their inner life being so confined to their outer, that there is no opportunity for martyrdom; but in high and fine natures, who are so consecrated to the greatest good of society and country, this body is but the casket that holds the jewel. Something grand must appear to die that something grander may be born. Horace Greeley has not lived to the age of sixty-two years, fighting for all the great and good things of christianity and civilization, to die in a pauper's poverty. What though in some kindly hour when his great heart was big with patriotism, yielding to the persuasion of seeming friends, he consented to be a candidate for the Nation's honor! He must have been more or less than mortal not to have been allured by the sweetness of the dream. But the highest and holiest testimony of the good of the man is that, when the reality came, like some bird of Paradise he must fly away. Had he been selfish, and the love of fame and power his very life, he could not thus have died. This judgment, raising him to a holier and happier state, could not have occurred. Had men never die in this way—only the good, for the reason that their spirit life is too incompatible for them to remain. However others may look at it, such internal life bringing martyrdom to the body, to me is glorious. It speaks from heaven of the character of the man. It strips earthliness of its dress and reveals the pure gold of the skies. It is the triumph of the soul over the body. The instantaneousness of the consequences shows the goodness and simplicity of the man. There was no waiting to further delve in moral things. The cord of his life snapped—to open the door of immortality.

We cannot leave this subject without saying a word about the loud guffaw that rocked across the continent at Greeley's nomination. Those who laughed because "then life was no higher we forgive, and with those who smiled and at the same time were sad and pained, we sympathize. It seemed an inauspicious event, view it as we would. But what is there good and holy in laughter? Who is the child laughed at in his school-day life? Generally the one who loves his father on earth and in heaven. Who is the man mostly laughed at in society and the world? He who in the simplicity of his heart loves purity and right. What then is laughter? It is a sort of glee born of evil, and often desecrates the high and holy sentiments of our best life. Ridicule can have no abiding place with the good. It is too external for heaven. Real peace and goodness are above it. Let us beware how we laugh at those who mean well. It has a reflex that tastes of the venom of self-love. Earnest hearts are precious in the sight of heaven, and God will take care of his own.

In conclusion this sad event is a confirmation of the great truth that freedom and slavery can no more work together in peace in the civil than in the spiritual life. Conditions cannot be formed between opposites. The subject of our remarks spurred slavery, but pitied its effects. In an official capacity he thought he might bridge the gulf to greater national peace and happiness. Alas, the bridge was a vision, and the scheme a failure. Let us reverently drop our tears on his beloved dust and bless him for the great good he has done. His witness is in heaven and his reward on high.

## MISCELLANEOUS.

## NEW GOODS,

## Splendid Goods,

## An Immense Stock

## OF

## GOODS!

## J. M. Bostwick

## & Son

Have received direct from New York, one of the Largest Stocks of Dry Goods ever put upon the Janesville Market. It is extensive in variety, Large in Quantity, and Fresh and Choice in Quality.

The Prices are among the Attractions at this store, and Challenge the attention of Buyers. The

## Dress Goods

Department comprises the most desirable novelties in texture, color and design. Exceeding in variety any display heretofore made in this city.

Purchasers of Dress Goods, will find this the most favorable opportunity of the season. In the general line of Dry Goods the stock offered by

## J. M. BOSTWICK & SON

is one of the Completest ever Exhibited in Janesville. It has been selected with the greatest care by the Senior member of the firm in the markets of New York, and comprises one of the Choicest assortments ever offered to the public and the prices command attention and defy competition.

## CARPETS.

## NEW

## SPRING PATTERNS

Are now more numerous than ever before, and handsomer than in any previous year.

In Selling all Goods J. M. BOSTWICK & SON, will be the

"Leaders of Popular Prices."

## OUR NEW STORE!

IS NO. 23 WEST MILWAUKEE STREET, And is Filled With CROCKERY, GLASS AND CHINA!

Of every description, which we will sell less than any firm in the City. We are in receipt of some novelties in Bird Cages; also new lines of Venetian Glass, Kiola, and Longway wares. We are also agents for the famous Florentine Statuary. Plated Silver-ware and Iron Stone China below any House in this part of the State. We defy anybody to meet our prices on Majolica.

GREEN & RICE, No. 23, West Milwaukee Street. may31deaweeow

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Hot weather has set in and the time to Throw Aside Your Winter Clothing Has come. Now if the dear people of Rock County will consult their own interest and comfort they will

## Call on Fred Sonneborn

## THE STAR CLOTHIER FOR THEIR Summer Outfit

Prices always the lowest and goods A No. 1.

P. S.—If you want a SUIT MADE TO ORDER we are the boys to do it. Please give me a call.

FRED SONNEBORN, THE STAR CLOTHIER.

## Here we are to the Front Again

## ALL HANDS ON DECK!

And ready to serve Our Old and All the New Customers that favor us with a call. If you don't believe it come in and we will show you the improvements that have been made in our

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and a choice line of suitings as you ever looked at in this city and in the READY MADE you all know that we have as good, and sometimes a little better stock

## Than You Can Find in the State.

Boys' suits from 4 to 10 years, school, youth and men's suits in great variety. Spring Overcoats from a \$5 coat to a silk lined Carrs Melton. Come in

## FOOTE & WILCOX.

## FINE WATCHES, Diamonds and Rich Jewelry

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## AT THE EMPIRE DRUG STORE!

YOU WILL FIND A GENERAL ASSORTMENT OF

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THE LARGEST AND MOST COMPLETE STOCK OF

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Which will be sold as cheap as any other house in the State. Also all the choice

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CALL AND SEE ME.

WM. M. ELDREDGE, Druggist.

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## Be Sure You are Right. Then Go To CROFT & WHITON'S,

West Milwaukee Street, JANESVILLE, WIS

For everything you may need in the Drug Line. They also keep a full stock of Fancy Goods, Toilet Articles, Artists' Materials, Chamoise Skins, Bath, Carriage and Fine Sponges. The largest assortment and finest Perfumes in the city. Don't forget when Spring Cleaning time comes that they keep Paints of all kinds, Varnish, Turpentine, Whiting, Glue, Whitewash and Calcimining material and Brushes; also Paint, Varnish and Scrubbing Brushes. Drop in and ask for almost anything you want and you will find they keep it and at low prices. sep14day



The circulation of the GAZETTE is larger than the combined circulation of any five newspapers in Rock county.

WAITING.

I can't believe my wedding day was fifty years ago. I was the second day of March. The clock is ticking now. The sun shines in across the room. Just see the folks go by! I can't remember half of them who nod so pleasantly.

The little English sparrows sit in the lilac bush outside. I like to watch the busy things. There's one that's singing and tried to break a string the children tied around a branch on a day. How hard he pulls it with his beak! Now he has flown away.

So it was fifty years ago! It doesn't seem so long. I've felt my age more this last year, and yet I'm pretty strong. I don't do much about the house, but still I know what's done. I know as well what's going on as Jane or any one.

Jane frets me dreadfully sometimes, and yet she's always kind. She helps me when there is no need, and has me when I need her. She doesn't think I'm past all use, and that I'm like to fall.

I've never missed my footing yet, though I'm so old and frail. But things don't seem to take my mind that happen nowadays. I like the folks I used to know; I keep old folks in my mind. I read the "Fables and Book of John, and find them always new. And I can't see same as I used to do.

The young folks think they understand just how to manage life. We old folks pity them. We've learnt its change, and loss, and strife. Life is a long, long plain, it doesn't come to hand. Just as you want to have it come, or just as you have planned.

If you'd foretold me how it's been through all these fifty years I should have been discouraged and had no lack of tears. And I wish I could lie down and die, but somehow I've had strength. That's come to me with every day all through my whole life's length.

I started fair my wedding day, for my dear husband was kind. And always pleasant spoken; we were mostly of a mind. Of course, we had our fallings out, but nothing that would last; it was my fault, for I was young and spoke too fast.

And John, you see, was older by some ten years than I was. At first I was afraid of him when we kept company. He was a sort of man on whom you felt you could depend. But very quiet in his ways. His mother was a friend.

My hardest time was when he died. It seemed as if I had lost my life. The Lord should take him out of life and let me drag along. As best I could, with little means and all my children small. Just when we seemed to see our way and get ahead at last.

But God knows best. If it had been my life he would have suited me. If I had had an easy time and not known poverty. I should have been a slightly thing without a bit of sense. I turned my hand to everything—to knit or build a fence.

There weren't the folks to call on then that I could get to-day. For the best farms were few, and I'd no means to pay. I went to work with all my might and tried my best to be a help. I can tell you many a night I've cried myself to sleep.

I know the Lord has prospered me. I've done the best I could. And I've stood in my lot and place as anybody should. The farm-land some folks would have sold I held, because I knew. Some would have sold property, and all my hopes come true.

I've parted with it piece by piece—you see the town has grown. Just as John always said it would. If other folks had known And had the foresight that he had! Instead of that they told How I should never get along unless the farm was sold.

My boys grew fast and soon took hold, and then my way was plain. For all the money they had cost they soon brought back again; And like a busy hive of bees we were from morn till noon.

We had our health, the Lord be thanked! and that made work seem light. The children all have settled down in good homes of their own. Excepting Jane, and but for her I should be left alone.

She had her chances, too, but then she's not married. I couldn't do without her now, I'm glad she stayed behind. I'm glad I'm mistress of my house; the children often say. I must break up, that Jane and I were better off together.

With some of them, for I'm so old and Jane's not over strong; But I'm glad to have their plans; I've made my own too long. My life seems like a book that's read and put away. I used to be a hurrying round; I don't feel like myself. Sometimes I'm tired of keeping still, I want to be at work; I see so many things to do, and I don't like to think.

I used to have to toil and plan, and now I have time to spare. And I suppose I mustn't fret, but in a future state I shall be sure to find my place and be some use again. For there we still shall serve the Lord—the Scripture says it plain.

So it's my golden wedding day, though we have been apart. For forty years, and yet John knows that he has kept my heart. And I know that he looks for me and waits for me to come. I've tried to do the best I could—and here I am. There it is home! —Sarah O. Jewett, in Our Continent.

FALSE ECONOMY.

"Albert, I wish you would let me have seventy-five cents?" Kate Landman spoke carefully, for she knew that her husband had not much money to spare; yet she spoke earnestly, and there was a world of entreaty in her look.

"What do you want seventy-five cents for?" asked Albert. "I want to get some bread for my new dress."

"I thought you had all the material on hand for that." "So I thought I had; but Mrs. Smith and Mrs. Thompson have a trimming of braid on theirs, and it looks very pretty. It is very fashionable, and adds very much to the beauty of a dress."

"Plague take these women's fashions! Your endless trimmings and shing-a-ma-jigs cost more than the dress is worth. It's nothing but shell out money when once a woman thinks of a new dress."

"I don't have many new dresses. I do certainly try to be as economical as I can." "It is a funny kind of economy at all events. But if you must have it I suppose you must."

And Albert Landman took out his wallet and counted out seventy-five cents; but he gave it grudgingly, and when he put his wallet back into his pocket he did it with an emphasis which seemed to say he would not take it out again for a week.

When Albert reached the outer door on his way to work he found the weather so threatening that he concluded to go back and get his umbrella; and upon

re-entering the sitting-room he found his wife in tears. She tried to hide the fact that she had been weeping, but he had caught her in the act, and asked what it meant.

"Good gracious!" cried the husband. "I should like to know if you are crying at what I said about the dress?"

"I was not crying at what you said, Albert," said Kate, tremulously; "but you were so reluctant to grant me the favor. I was thinking how hard I had to work; I am tied to the house; how many little things I have to perplex me, then to think!"

"Pshaw! what do you want to be so foolish for?" And away started Albert Landman a second time; but he was not to escape so easily. In the hall, he was met by his daughter Lizzie, a bright-eyed, rosy-cheeked girl of ten years.

"O, papa, give me fifteen cents!" "What?" "O, I want fifteen cents. Do please give it to me."

"What in the world do you want with it? Are you changing school books again?" "No, I want to buy a hoop. Ellen Smith has got one, and so has Mary Buck and Sarah Allen. Mr. Grant has got some real pretty ones to sell. Can I have one?"

"Nonsense! If you want a hoop, go and get one off some ash barrel. I can't afford to be buying hoops for you to trundle about the streets."

"Please, papa." "No, I told you." The blue eyes filled with tears, and the child's sobbing broke upon his ear. Albert Landman hurried from the house with some very impatient words upon his lips.

This was in the morning. At noon when he came home to dinner there was a cloud over the household. His wife was sober, and even little Lizzie, usually gay and blithesome, was sad and silent.

But these things could not last long in that household, for the husband and wife really loved each other devotedly, and were at heart kind and forbearing. When Albert came home to his supper Kate greeted him with a kiss, and in a moment sunshine came back; and had the lesson ended there, the husband might have fancied that he had done nothing wrong, and the cloud had been only the exhalation of a domestic ferment, for which one was particularly responsible, and might have cherished the conviction that woman's fashions were a nuisance and a humbug, as well as a frightful draft upon a husband's pocket.

After tea Albert did a few chores about the house, and then lighted a cigar and walked out. He had gone but a short distance when he met Lizzie. In her right hand she dragged an old hoop which she had taken from a dilapidated flour barrel, while with her left she was rubbing her red, swollen eyes. She was in deep grief, and was sobbing painfully. He stopped the child and asked what was the matter.

She answered, as well as her sobs would let her, that the other girls had laughed at her, and made fun of her hoop. They had nice, pretty hoops, while hers was ugly and homely.

"Never mind," said Albert, patting the little one on the head (for the child's grief touched him); "perhaps we'll have a hoop some time."

"Mayn't I have one now? Mr. Grant's got one left—oh, such a pretty one!" The sobbing had ceased, as the child caught her father's hand, eagerly.

"No, not now, Lizzie—not now. I'll think of it." Sobbing again the child moved on toward home, dragging the old hoop after her.

At one of the stores, Albert Landman met some of his old friends. "Hello, Albert! What's up?" "Nothing in particular."

"What do you say to a game of billiards, Albert?" "Good! I'm in for that."

And away went Albert to the billiard hall, where he had a glorious time with his friends. He liked billiards. It was a healthy, pretty game, and the keeper of the hall allowed no rough scuffs on his premises.

They had played four games. Albert had won two and his opponent had won two. "That's two and two," cried Tom Piker. "What do you say to playing them off, Albert?"

"All right, go in," said Albert, full of animation. And so he played the fifth game, and he who lost was to pay for the five games. It was an exciting contest. Both made capital runs, but in the end Albert was beaten by three points; and with a little laugh he went up to settle the bill. Five games, twenty cents a game—just one dollar. Not much for such sport; and he paid out the money with a grace, and never once seemed to feel that he could not afford it.

"Have a cigar?" said Tom. "Yes." They lighted their cigars and then sauntered down the hall to watch the others play.

Albert soon found himself seated over against a table at which some of his friends were playing, and close by stood two gentlemen, strangers to him, one of whom was explaining to the other the mysteries of the game.

"It is a healthy pastime," said he who had been making the explanation; "and certainly is one which has no evil tendency."

Albert heard the remarks very plainly; and he had a curiosity to hear what the other, who seemed unacquainted with billiards, would say.

"I cannot, of course, assert that any game which calls for skill and judgment, and which is free from the attendant curse of gaming, is in itself an evil," remarked the second gentleman. "Such things are only evil so far as they excite and stimulate men beyond the bounds of healthy recreation."

"That result can scarcely follow such a game," said the first speaker. But the other shook his head.

"You are wrong here. The result can follow in two ways: First, it can lead men away from their business; it can lead men to spend money who have not money to spend. Whenever I visit a place of this kind I am led to reflect upon a most strange and prominent weakness of humanity as developed in our sex. For instance, observe that young man who is just settling his bill at the desk. He looks like a mechanic, and I should say he feels it his duty to go home at this hour, that he has a wife and children. I see by his face that he is kind-hearted and generous, and I should judge that he means to do as near right as he can. He has been beaten, and he pays one dollar and forty cents for the recreation of some two hours' duration. If you observe you will see that he pays it freely, and pockets the loss with a smile. Happy faculty! But how do you suppose it is in that young man's home? Suppose his wife had

come to him this morning, and asked him for a dollar to spend for some trifling thing—some household ornament, or some bit of jewelry to adorn her person—and suppose his little child put in a plea for forty cents to buy a paper and picture books with, what do you think he would have answered? Of fifty men just like him, would not forty and five men have declared that they had not the money to spare for any such purpose? And, moreover, they would have said so, feeling that they were telling the truth. Am I not right?"

"Upon my word," said the man who understood billiards, "you speak to the point. I know that young man who has paid his bill, and you have not misjudged him in a single particular. And what is more, I happen to have a bet at hand to illustrate your charge. We have a club for an excellent literary paper in our village, and last year that man was one of our subscribers. This year he felt obliged to discontinue it. His wife was very anxious to take it, for it had become a genial companion in leisure moments, but he could not afford it. The club rate was one dollar and fifty cents a year."

"Aye, and so it goes," said the other gentleman. "Well, that man's wife may be wishing at this very moment that she had her paper to read, while he is paying almost its full price for a year."

"For what? And yet how smilingly he does it. Ah! those poor, sympathizing wives! How many clouds often darken upon them from the brows of their husbands when they ask for a trifling sum of money, and how grudgingly the mite is handed over when it is given! What perfect floods of joy that dollar and forty cents might have poured upon the children of that unsuccessful billiard player. Ah! it is well for such wives and children that they do not know where the money all goes."

They had finished at the nearest table. The two gentlemen moved on and Albert Landman arose from his seat and left the house. Never before had he such thoughts as now possessed him; he had never dwelt upon the same grouping of ideas. That very morning his own true, faithful, loving wife had been sad and heart-sick because he had harshly and unkindly met her request for a small sum of money. And his sweet Lizzie had crept away to her home almost broken-hearted for the want of a simple toy, such as her mates possessed, and yet the sum of both their pants amounted to not as much as he had paid away that evening for billiard-playing.

Albert Landman wanted to be an honest husband and father, and the lesson was not lost upon him. On his way home he stopped at Mr. Grant's and purchased the best and neatest hoop to be found, with driving-stick painted red, white and blue, and in the morning, when he beheld his child's delight, and had received her grateful, happy kiss, the question came to his mind which was the best and happiest result—this or the five games of billiards?

Two games of billiards less and he the absolute gainer of ten cents by the pleasant operation. A few mornings after this, as Albert arose from the breakfast table, he detected an uneasy, wistful look upon his wife's face.

"Kate, what is it?" "Albert, could you spare me half a dollar this morning?" And out came the wallet and the money was handed over with a warm, genial smile.

What! Tears at that! Was it possible she had been so little used to such scenes on his part, that so simple an act of loving kindness thus affected her? How many games of billiards would be required to secure such satisfaction as Albert carried with him that morning to the shop?

A very simple lesson, is it not? but how many may gain lasting profit by giving heed to the lesson?—Home Companion.

"A Shiner."

One of the aristocratic institutions of Leadville is the Mining Club—an organization composed of the blue blood of the city, and not exactly, as the name implies, made up of mining magnates. The apartments of the organization include a daintily-furnished little apartment sacred to the great American game of draw-poker. Here the club men are wont to congregate on an evening and sometimes the game runs high. Now, in draw-poker—even "among gentlemen"—the player prefers to win rather than to lose, and consequently some desperate points are occasionally strained. A few evenings ago a well-known member—the Superintendent of a mine east of the city—sat down in a game of the hardest and heaviest players in the camp. In about an hour he quit just \$750 poorer than when he sat down. Later in the evening he disconsolately narrated the fact to a friend, and cursed gambling and gamblers in a loud, deep and emphatic style. It so happened that this friend was a trifle more "jolly" in the vernacular of the gang, than he, and closing one optic, told him he could assist him in making the Mining Club look remarkably sick as far as draw-poker was concerned. The mining man expressed his willingness to be assisted, and the "jolly" friend produced what is technically known as a "shiner." This may be a dark and gloomy mystery to those uninitiated, but to old sports it is far from one. A "shiner" is nothing but a silver dollar on one side of which a concave mirror about the size of a man's little finger nail is set. This is brightly polished and is unnoticed in the surrounding silver. When the game begins the "shiner" is laid on top of a pile of notes and coin and the cards dealt over it. The result is that the concave mirror catches the reflection of all cards dealt over it and the dealer has a pretty accurate knowledge of what everybody else holds. A few lessons made the mining man an adept, and armed with a "shiner," he hid him to the Mining Club. A poker game was in progress, and he took his seat at the table. For the next couple of hours the players were tempted to think that he had suddenly become gifted with the powers of a clairvoyant or mind-reader, so singularly accurate was his knowledge of what they held. At the end of that time he had the crowd in such a state of utter and complete dead-brokedness that they were obliged to stand off the steward of the club for their potations. Since then the Mining Club has experienced a season of financial depression which seriously hampered their political potency in the city election.—Leadville Cor., Chicago Times.

—President Garfield's grave on every pleasant Sunday is visited by thousands of quiet people. The sentinels still pace about the vault, the bronze doors of which are thrown back, revealing the coffin.—Cleveland Herald.

—Melons, cucumbers and squashes are cultivated in the same manner, and they should never be planted near each other.

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Jacob Martzoff, of Lancaster, N. Y., says your Spring Blossom works well for everything you recommend it; myself, wife and children have all used it, and you can't find a healthier family in New York State—Oct. 5, 1880. Sold by A. J. Roberts and F. Sherer & Co.

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Madison via Elroy & Harwood.	10:30 A. M.	10:30 P. M.
Madison via Elroy & Harwood.	12:10 P. M.	1:45 P. M.
Chicago & Eastern.	12:20 P. M.	1:30 P. M.
Madison via Elroy & Harwood.	2:10 P. M.	10:30 P. M.
Madison via Elroy & Harwood.	3:40 P. M.	12:35 P. M.
Chicago & Eastern.	4:30 P. M.	3:40 P. M.
Madison via Elroy & Harwood.	5:40 P. M.	2:30 P. M.
Madison via Elroy & Harwood.	6:40 P. M.	3:40 P. M.
Chicago & Eastern.	8:40 P. M.	2:30 P. M.
Madison via Elroy & Harwood.	9:30 P. M.	3:40 P. M.
Madison via Elroy & Harwood.	10:30 P. M.	4:30 P. M.
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